

Easter Greeting

THE accompanying songs for
PALM SUNDAY and EASTER,
from the forthcoming Song-Book,

The New Hosanna

are issued as an Easter Greeting to
the New-Church Sunday-schools.

The new book, which will be pub-
lished shortly, contains other good
Easter Songs, besides those for
Christmas and other Festivals, and
songs for constant use.

This Easter Greeting may serve as
an introduction to the book.

These twelve pages will be supplied at the nominal price of ONE CENT A COPY, (postage included) while the limited edition lasts. Please send orders promptly to

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32.

Ride On! Ride On!

PALM SUNDAY.

H. H. MILMAN.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark!
all the tribes Ho - san - na cry; O Sav - iour meek, pur -
sue Thy road With palms and scat - ter'd gar-ments strow'd.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering
eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and
reign.

1. Ho - san-na, loud ho - san - na! The lit - tle chil-dren sang :
 2. From Ol - i - vet they fol - low'd, 'Midst an ex - ult - ant crowd,
 3. Fairleaves of sil - vry ol - i ve They strew'd up-on the ground,
 4. "Ho - san-na in the high - est!" That ancient song we sing,

Thro' pil-lar'd court and tem - ple The love-ly an - them rang ;
 Wav - ing the vic - tor palm branch, And shouting clear and loud ;
 Whilst Sa-lem's cir-cling moun - tains Ech - oed the joy - ful sound ;
 For Christ is our Re - deem - er, The Lord of Heav'n our King ;

To Je - sus who had blessed them, Close fold-ed to His breast,
 Bright an - gels join'd the cho - rus, Be - yond the cloudless sky -
 The Lord of men and an - gels Rode on in low - ly state,
 Oh ! may we ev - er praise Him, With heart, and life, and voice,

The chil-dren sang their prais - es, The simplest and the best.
 "Ho - san-na in the high - est : Glo - ry to God on high !"
 Nor scorn'd that lit - tle chil - dren Should on His bid - ding wait.
 And in His bliss - ful pres - ence E - ter - nal - ly re - joice !

F. W. FABER.

EASTER.

Anon.

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia !
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - - le - lu - ia !
 3. But the strife which He en - dured, Al - - le - lu - ia !

Our triumph-ant ho - ly day; Al - - le - lu - ia !
 Un - to Christ, our heav'ly King, Al - - le - lu - ia !
 Our sal - va - tion has pro - cured; Al - - le - lu - ia !

Who did once up - on the Cross Al - - le - lu - ia !
 Who en-dured the Cross and grave, Al - - le - lu - ia !
 Now a - bove the sky He's King, Al - - le - lu - ia !

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia !
 Sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - - le - lu - ia !
 Where the an - gels ev - er sing, Al - - le - lu - ia !

1. Come, chil - dren, one and all, . . . Our Eas - ter car - ol
 2. For Christ has risen to - day, . . . The Sun - day of the
 3. We know it was for us . . . Our Sav - iour rose to -
 4. Then let us all to - day, . . . Our Eas - ter an - thems

sing, And with the birds and flow - ers, Our
 year; Then with glad hearts we'll raise . . . Our
 day; As - cend - ing first to heaven : . . . He
 raise, And join the an - gel choirs, . . . In

CHORUS.

heart's pure in - cense bring. Birds are sing - ing,
 voi - ces bright and clear.
 said, "I am the way."
 hymn-ing forth His praise.

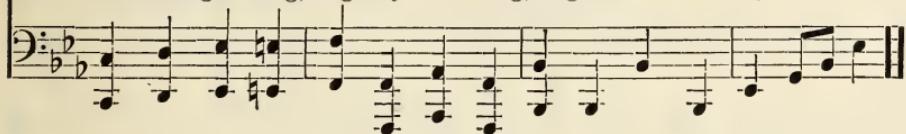
Ped.

Buds are springing, Ev -'ry - thing is gay, With

Come, Children, One and All.



sunbeams gleaming, Bright eyes beaming, Sing our Eas - ter lay.



36.

Angels, Roll the Rock Away.

EASTER.

T. SCOTT.

J. B. DYKES.



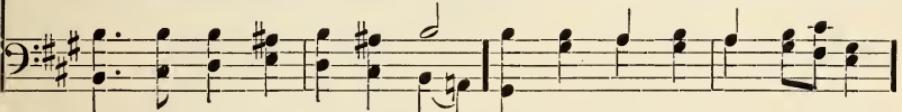
1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the might - y Prey!

2. Shout, ye ser-aphs; an - gels, raise Your e - ter - nal song of praise;

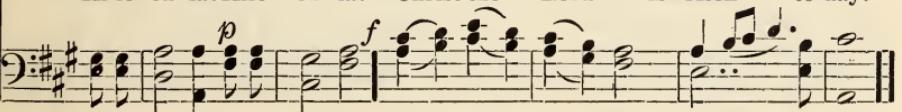


See, the Sav - iour quits the tomb, Glow-ing with im - mor - tal bloom.

Let the earth's re-mot - est bound Ech - o to the bliss - ful sound.



Al-le - lu - ia! Alle - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is risen to-day.



37.

On Wings of Living Light.

BISHOP HOW.

EASTER.

J. BARNBY.

1. On wings of liv - ing light, At ear - liest dawn of day,

Came down the an - gels bright, And rolled the stone a - way.

Your voi-ces raise With one ac-cord To bless and praise Your ris - en Lord.

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear,
Like dead men, to the ground.
Your voices raise, etc.

3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky.
Your voices raise, etc.

4 Ye children of the light,
Arise with Him, arise :
See, how the Day-star bright
Is burning in the skies !
Your voices raise, etc.

5 We sing Thee, Lord Divine,
With all our hearts and powers ;
For we are ever Thine,
And Thou art ever ours.
Your voices raise, etc.

39.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

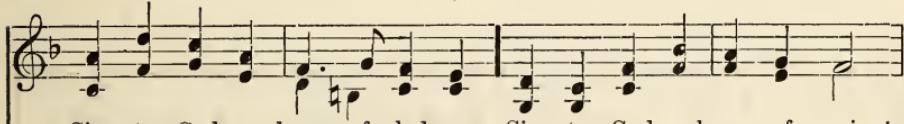
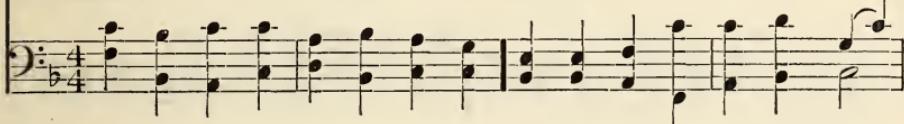
C. WORDSWORTH.

EASTER.

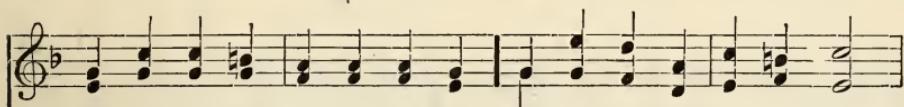
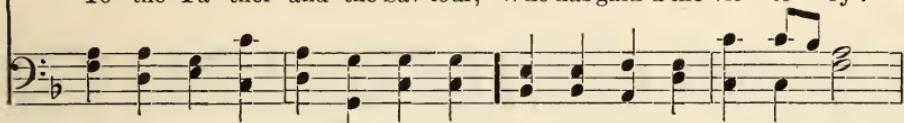
H. SMART.



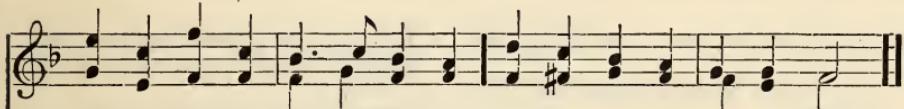
1. Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia ! Hearts to heav'n and voi - ces raise ;
 2. Now the i - ron bars are bro-ken, Christ from death to life is born,-
 3. Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia ! Glo - ry be to God on high !



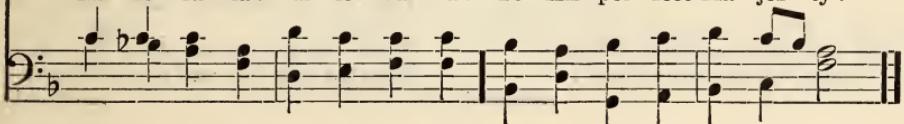
Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise !
 Glo-rious life, and life im-mor-tal, On this ho - ly Eas-ter morn.
 To the Fa-ther and the Sav-iour, Who has gain'd the vic - to - ry !



He who on the cross a vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
 Christ has triumph'd, and we con-quer By His might-y en - ter - prise,
 Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Spir - it, Fount of love and sanc - ti - ty !



Je - sus Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.
 We with Him to life e - ter - nal By His res - ur - rec - tion rise.
 Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia ! To His per - fect Ma - jes - ty !



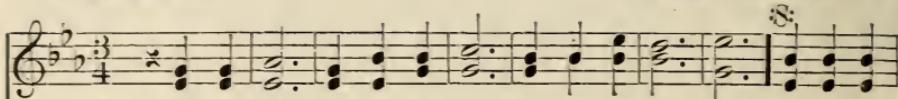
41.

The Strife is O'er.

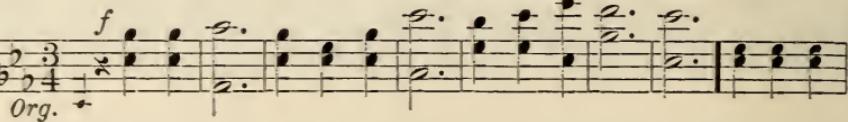
EASTER.

From the Latin.

From PALESTRINA.



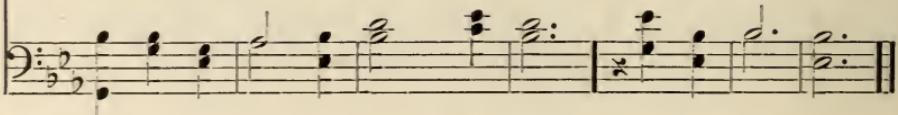
1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! The strife is



o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of life is won;



The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!



2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shout of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
[wants free,
From death's dread sting Thy ser - That we may live and sing to Thee.
Alleluia!

42. Hosanna, be the Children's Song.

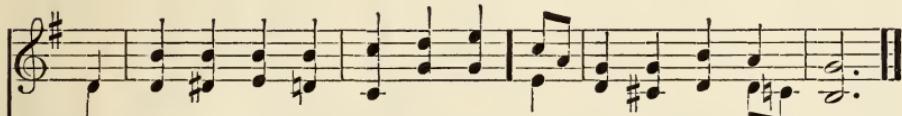
EASTER.

Anon.

Anon.



1. Ho - san-na, be the children's song To Christ, the children's King ;
2. Ho - san-na, sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain :



His praise to whom their souls be - long, Let all the chil - dren sing.
While, loud-er, sweet-er, clear-er still, Woods ech - o to the strain.



3 Hosanna, on the wings of light
O'er earth and ocean fly ;
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

4 Hosanna, then, our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King ;
This is the children's jubilee,
Let all the children sing.

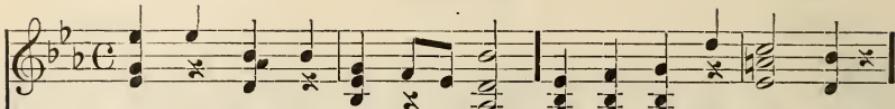
46.

Come, Ye Faithful.

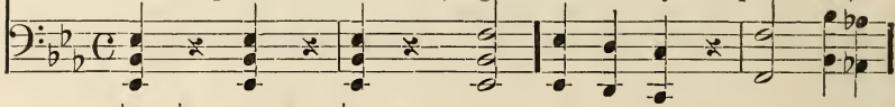
Rev. J. M. NEALE.

EASTER.

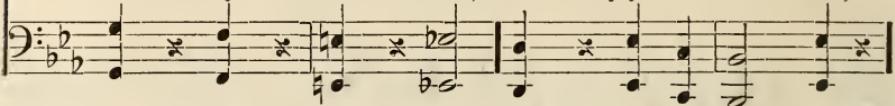
H. S. HERING.



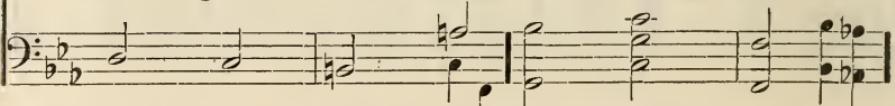
1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umphant glad - ness !
2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day ; Christ has burst His pris - on,
3. Now the queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of splen - dor,



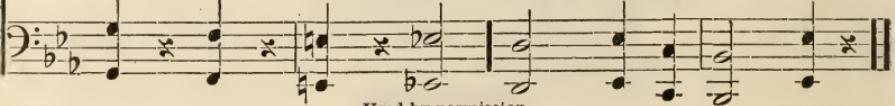
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness,—
From the frost and gloom of death Light and life have ris - en.
With the roy - al feast of feasts, Comes its joy to ren - der;



Loosed from Pharoah's bit - ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh - ters,—
All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly - ing
Comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem, Who with true af - fec - tion



Led them with un-moist-en'd foot Thro' the Red Sea wa - ters.
From His light to whom we give Thanks and praise un - dy - ing.
Welcomes in un - wea - ried strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.



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51. O Sons and Daughters, Let Us Sing.

Rev. J. M. NEALE.
With animation.

EASTER.

O. B. BROWN.

1. O sons and daugh-ters, let us sing ! The King of heav'n, the
 2. That Sun - day morn, at break of day, The faith - ful wo - men
 3. An an - gel clad in light they see, Who sat and spake un -
 4. On this most ho - ly day of days, To God your hearts and

glo - rious King, O'er death to - day rose tri - umph - ing.
 went their way To seek the tomb where Je - sus lay.
 to the three, "Your Lord doth go to Gal - i - lee."
 voi - ces raise In laud, and ju - bi - lee, and praise.

1,2,3. *\\ Last verse.*

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - lé - lu - ia. ia. A - MEN.

ASCENSION.

F. R. H.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

1. Gold-en harps are sounding, An- gel voi-ces ring, Pearly gates are o - pened,
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glory,

Opened for the King. Christ the King of glo - ry, Je-sus, King of love,
 At His Father's side. Nev-er more to suf - fer, Nev-er more to die,

Is gone up in tri-umph, To His throne a - bove. All His work is end - ed,
 Jesus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high. All His work is end - ed,

Joy - ful-ly we sing, Je - sus hath as - cend - ed ; Glo-ry to our King !

